Enter a Seruant.

Sirrah, lead these Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them vse them well,
We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to thinke your selues.
Pet. Signior *Baptista*, my businesse asketh haste,
And euery day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solie heire to all his Lands and goods,
Which I haue bettered rather then decreast,
Then tell me, If I get your daughters loue,
What dowrie shall I haue with her to wife.
Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in possession twentie thousand Crownes.
Pet: And for that dowrie, Ile assure her of
Her widdow-hood, be it that she suruiue me.
In all my Lands and Leases whatsoeuer,
Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene vs,
That couenants may be kept on either hand.
Bap. I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her loue: for that is all in all.
Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as she proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do consume the thing that feedes their furie.
Though little fire growes great with little winde,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yeelds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.
Bap. Well maist thou woo, and happie be thy speed;
But be thou arm'd for some vnhappie words.
Pet. I to the proofe, as Mountaines are for windes,
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually

Enter Hortensio with his head broke.

Bap. How now my friend why dost thou looke so pale?
Hor. For feare I promise you, if I looke pale.

Bap.

Bap. What will my daught
Hor. I thinke she'l proue a
Iron may hold with her, but
Bap. Why then thou canst
Hor. Why no for she hath b
I did but tell her she mistooke
And bow'd her hand to teach h
When (with a most impatient
Frets call you these? (quoth sh
And with that word she stroke
And through the instrument m
And there I stood amazed for a
As on a Pillorie, looking throu
While she did call me Rascall,
And twangling Iacke, with twe
As had she studied to misuse me
Pet. Now by the world, it is
I loue her ten times more then
Oh how I long to haue some ch
Bap. Well go with me, and
Proceed in Practise with my y
She's apt to learne, and thanke
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go
Or shall I send my daughter *Ka*

Ex

Pet. I pray you do. Ile atten
And woo her with some spirit w
Say that she raile, why then Ile t
She sings as sweetly as a Nightin
Say that she frowne, Ile say she
As Morning Roses newly washt
Say she be mute, and will not sp
Then Ile commend her volubil
And say she vttereth piercing eloq
If she do bid me packe, Ile giue
As though she bid me stay by her
If she denie to wed, Ile craue the
When I shall aske the banes, and
But heere she comes, and now *P*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12